THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART ...

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1856. WHOLE NUMBER 18...

Choice Poetry.

A MARRIED MAN'S EYE.

"There's daggers in man's eyes !!!"

(We think it probable that the following is an old story, though we never met with it before—but it contains so large a portion of truth, as we must in all fairness acknowledge, and is in the manner before I was abroad :)

Yes, about four years ago, just before she died; and it was there that I saw how the wretch treated her; and yet no one else perceived it but myself and my sister. I could not look deeply into such matters. Christiana was compelled into the marriage; but your aunt thinks that if all the property had been settled on her, Darlton would have treated her differently. I don't know.

It is scarcely possible to tell you in what his deviltries consisted; but they were of such a nature, that in ten years—it was a slow poison, that eye of his—he fairly worried the poor creature out of existence. I only wish you dared ask your aunt all about it, for women understand this misery better than men; but it almost sets me raving. Our principal reason for quarreling with Darlton was, that he had bought an estate there. Before the wretch married poor Christiana Dell, he was the most contented, the most obsequious, the most tender of lovers. He had a weak hand to play, and the second young creature, for her dislike to him at first amounted almost to aversion. He consulted her taste in everything, and seemed to have no will but hers.

Well, he took back of this man one year after marriage, nay, one month, for he began immediately. He could not bear to hear her laugh; he could not bear to see her pleased with any one's conversation; he sneered at her favorite books; he made her ridiculous before mind, by others. By his hard manner, he drove of all her early associates, those who loved her dearly and could have comforted her. His eye followed her with cold and stern glance, and whenever she opened her lips to speak, or to give an opinion; and it had the power of a serpent over her. There is no tiredom, Leo, like the tiredom of a married man's eye. He repented of responsibilities, almost, from her, for her constitution was very delicate, and when she did the utmost that her feeble strength allowed, he sneered at her. At table, he never

[illegible] good Mr. Tester, the [illegible] second [illegible] and [illegible] the tax-gatherer [illegible] a good thing, and they [illegible] at it. There could be no good [illegible] Parselle, see how Davison's hat goes off to him: there was a bow for you !"

"Who is this Mr. Parselle, uncle ? I do not recollect ever hearing the name before."

"He is a retired merchant, and has bought an estate at Wicklowe, in the next village. He is very rich, and little Davison flaws and cringes before him, like a spaniel. I see it all now; there is an only daughter there, too. Miss Parselle is not what I call an ugly woman, but if it were not for her humorous expectations, ugly as Davison is himself, he would look for more beauty. The fellow has been twice married. Yes, there he goes; he has left the others, and has walked off with good-natured Jemmy Parselle."

"But, supposing that Miss Parselle is ugly ? Surely this man can have no pretensions to her hand; and he is upward of forty, by his looks."

"There is nothing better or worse to be said of him than that he scourged his wife to death. He married an only child ; I speak of his first wife, for the second one, poor thing !—no, lucky creature !—died of a pleurisy before he had time to commence operations. His first wife was a young lady of good birth, and, as was supposed at the time, of good fortune. She was an intimate school friend of your aunt Phillida, but their intercourse was interrupted after the marriage. Mr. Dell, the father of Christina, was reputed to be rich, and Davison so ingratiated himself with him, that, being a hypochondriac, and not a good business man, the fellow soon became his factotum. Every thing fell into his hands; and the short of it is, that he determined to have Mr. Dell's money, and his daughter in the bargain, since he could not get one without the other."

"Ah, uncle, I recollect now; did I not see a Mrs. Davison with aunt Phillida, at the springs, the summer before I was abroad ?"

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We now several glances of the married man's eye, for the two did not seem to quest her enthusiasm ; yet she said nothing. "Another cup, dear ?" "A woman," said my uncle, as we passed on to the next house, "never knows when she may banter or trifle. Sometimes her husband has an eye to her vanity, and then he will fall into the meanness of the conversation ; but, generally, it is nothing but nonsense that one talks, in those morning visits. Here lives our good Dr. Fleabag ; let us stop here."

"Good morning, Mrs. Fleabag, after we had shatted a little while, "where is the doctor ? Is little Mat's head, and see whether he pronounces the lump a wen or a bruise." Ah, such a shake as the got ! It stopped her short at once. The doctor had no desire that his old friend should suppose him so ignorant in so simple a matter as wen or no wen.

"I have no doubt," said uncle Andover, when we left the house, "that the doctor was wondering and wondering about this wen, just to talk's sake, before we went in ; and so his wife, feeling anxious, and for the want of something better to say, blundered on the wen. Are you satisfied now, Leo ?" asked the good old brother.

"What," thought I, o-do all men change to this way after marriage ?" My uncle, as if divining my thoughts, nodded his head, but I shook mine. "Never, Flora, shall this eye of mine look otherwise than tenderly on thee !" I said to myself. "Leo, you are born with a mother's part ; and yet they showed more respect to old Timothy, who had never voluntarily, my uncle said, shown one kind act. Young as I was, I had seen this before, in several families. The descendants make a greater ado with the old grandfather.

"Stand aside, Sally dear," said the aged woman, "and let me have another look at the dear little boys. Alas for their poor dear mother! What are their names, did you say ? Henry and George ? Well, they are very pretty names, but I wonder that one of them was not called Timothy."

Old Timothy had some such feeling in his own mind, for most old people have this passion of wishing their name to descend to their grandchildren, let the name be ever so ugly. But it was a mark of respect to give the child his name, so it was a mark of disrespect, or indifference, to neglect doing it. To make this neglect apparent to others, was offensive to old Timothy ; so he cast his eye wrathfully toward his wife : "Nonsense !" said this old man of eighty-six. He meant that this look from his eye should have reached her, but it failed, for it fell on my uncle. Timothy was almost blind, yet he did his best.

"And yet," said uncle Andover, after we left the house, "the old man was always thought to be a kind husband."

"But why," said I, sorely puzzled, "why is it that all hover around the old man ? I have observed it to be the case everywhere."

"Why ?" said he ; "why because men, to the last, hold the purse-strings, my son ; and children and their children, grand, great-grand, and great-great-grand children, down to such little ones as the twins we have just left, have seen the man's eye quell their mother—the mother of all ; she that suffered for them, she snatched them through many a desperate illness ; she that has toiled for them up to her eighth tooth, year, and has for ever interceded for them, when the old man was cherish. The wrinkles of the old man's face, every man's eye—has made her and all old women what they

[illegible] coming ; their day is opening, Leo ; and those little twin beauties will not stay for them, but add such a fierce glance at their wives, when they, tender hearted to the last, are anxious that their husband's name should be kept green and fresh in the minds of their descendants. Yes, my son, the moment a man marries, his eye begins to scourge his wife ; but many are not beginning to ask why this must be."

"To be sure, my dear uncle," said I, "a man must often say and do foolish things, and often act contrary to his wife's judgment. He must, therefore, be as liable to the fierce glance of the eye, as she is. The only wonderful thing about it is, that any man who tenderly loves his wife, can let his eye fall on her as if she were his enemy." "No, Flora," said I, "never shall this eye reprove thine !" Uncle Andover looked up and smiled.

At the head of the broad street, we stopped to buy an orange of old Mrs. Tray. She was waiting for us, and keeping herself in sight, that she might say a few words to good Uncle Andover, a name by which he always went, and which he always answered as readily and as innocently as when a little child he had one of which I did as soon as we left the dear girl at Oak Valley ; "but put off your marriage as long as you can. Ah ! I see by your face, by your love for her, I should have tried to persuade you to let her alone. She is too good, too innocent, for the married eye."

"What do you think that my eye will ever try to quell that bright, beaming glance of hers ?"

"Yes, Leo, that it will. Old Cato has the only eye that does not carry a savage authority in it !"

Well, the short of the story is, that, after a little coaxing, my dear aunt and uncle consented to our marriage ; and it so happened that a few months after, as I was walking one fine afternoon with my lovely companion on my arm, and my uncle at her side—for he became very fond of her—we saw Davison and his wife, late Miss Parselle, in the very walk where we had encountered them before. Instead of her bonnet it was his hat that was knocked off by the branch, I dare say the same branch, of the wild plum. But the hope was altered now.

"You would come this way," said he, looking fiercely at his wife, as he replaced his hat on his head ; "you are always doing something or other to make me look ridiculous. Your own foolish hat was dragged from your own foolish head in this very spot."

"Do you hear ?" said my uncle.

"I do," said I.

"Did you see the look he gave her ?"

"To be sure I did ; and how meekly she bore it."

"Flora, my love, how you bring about !" said I, not thinking that it was my attention to Davison's manœuvres that prevented her from keeping the path. "Don't gaze so at those people so," said I, casting the married eye on poor Flora, who was only following my example. My uncle was a little in advance of us, and turned his head in time to catch the look.

"Leo, write this all down," said bachelor Andover, "for the good of the female sex."

"I will," said I, looking abashed ; "Flora, dearest ! forgive me !"

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;

OR,

THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XI.

THE VALLEY.

"We can palace
Like nature! Can imagination boast
Amid its gay creations hues like here?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And tone them in such other as appears
In every bird that blows?" —Thomson.

The scenery in which are located the characters and events of this story is not drawn from imagination only.

Some years ago—before the great railroad that now passes through that section was laid out,—"in the good old days" of turnpike roads, and sociable, slow stage-coaches, it was my good fortune to travel several times backward and forward through that romantic region of country. We did not rush past with that speed that threatened to bring us up nothing short of the next world. We went slowly and carefully through those wild, fortunous mountain gorges, and up and down those steep declivities, and through those broken valleys, well wooded and watered, that lay between those successive mountain ranges. In a pass, on the western declivity of one of the ridges, was the mountain hamlet, where we often stopped, and which I have veiled under the name of Kyrie. The convent also was not many miles distant.

Here non Wakefield, a fine boy of twelve years of age, helped me so much as he possibly could, not only in the quantities of game he brought home from the mountain haunts, of which he was so fond, and in the roughest and most laborious part of the labor in the garden work, and in taking care of his little brother during her absence, but in many indirect ways that none but the most affectionate and thoughtful nature would discover.

It was a bitterly cold evening in February. The snow was two feet deep on the mountains, and frozen over with a thick crust of ice. Every pine and cedar, thorn and hemlock, was weighed down with a deposit of snow.

The sun was down, and the north-west wind was up, and raved and howled around the window's little ruinous log cabin, threatening at every gust to blow it over. For ruinous the poor little cabin really was. In spite of the best care, the rude, tumultuous elements of which it was built would wear old, the logs would dry and shrink, and the clay dabbing between them would crumble and fall out. In the same manner the mortar between the stones of the chimney would pulverize and fall, and the timber of which the door and window sashes were made would decay. So, though the one room and the two windows could be shut as closely as possible, the wind had its free way, and entered at any side or angle of the walls or the fireplace where it listed to blow.

This evening especially the wind was, as the widow declared, "trying its best."

And the South mountain declined gradually in a succession of rolling declivities, known as the Sunset Hills.

A still river lost its rise upon Mount Storm, dashed in a succession of falls down the side of the cliff, rushed around the foot of the precipice, and still following the base of the mountain ranges, took a bend into the valley, and flowed in and out through grand, great-grand, and great-great-grand children, down to such little ones as the twins we have just left, have seen the man's eye quell their mother—the mother of all ; she that suffered for them, she snatched them through many a desperate illness ; she that has toiled for them up to her eighth tooth year, and has for ever interceded for them, when the old man was cherish. The wrinkles of the old man's face, every man's eye—has made her and all old women what they

[illegible] Thus Vatron came striding along, with Miss Parselle hanging on his arm ; when just as he approached us, the lovely creature, in the straggling branch of a wild plum tree, which stood in a little group of trees near the edge of the common, had her bonnet caught, and the bonnet was jerked from her head. Oh, how assiduous the fellow was, in extricating it from the branch ! How devotedly he placed the ribbon-ends, and how tenderly he tied the bonnet on again ! This he imagined I saw, but merely as the joke, and at her embarrassment, and he drew her arm in his so gently, as they moved away !

"He is engaged to her—to has her !" said my uncle, as I neither had time nor sense, Leo, and mark his behaviour a twelvemonth hence. Here comes our little beauty."

It was indeed my dear Flora, blooming with goodness, health, and loveliness. I forgot little Davison—I forgot the whole world—as I sprang to her side.

"She is beautiful and happy," said uncle Andover, as I took him of my engagement, which I did as soon as we left the dear girl at Oak Valley ; "but put off your marriage as long as you can. Ah ! I see by your face, by your love for her, I should have tried to persuade you to let her alone. She is too good, too innocent, for the married eye."

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Wit and Humor.

ONE OF THE "DANGEROUS CLASSES."

[illegible] Love and put it agin somebody's door."

Selected Articles.

SMUGGLING TRICKS.

THE BABY.

In the days when light-headed French beauties were the pride of London, there was a certain Madame Le Roche, who made a fortune by the following ingenious device. In those days of sedan chairs, all the best people used to go to the theatre in them, and the fashionable crowd at the doors of the theatre was very great, and the confusion of chairmen and footmen very considerable. Madame Le Roche had a number of chairs, which she let out to the fashionable people who frequented the theatre, and her chairmen were instructed to be very careful in setting down and taking up their fares. Now, it was the custom for the ladies to throw their bouquets into the chairs as they left the theatre, and Madame Le Roche's chairmen were instructed to collect these bouquets, and carry them to their mistress, who sold them again to the flower-girls at the doors of the theatre. In this way she made a large income.

Agricultural.

IRON AND LEAD PIPES.

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PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1856.

Congressional News.

THIRTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 24th, William Rigler, recently elected Senator from Pennsylvania, was qualified, and took his seat.

The galleries and lobbies of the Senate were densely crowded. In anticipation of the resumption of the debate on Central America.

Mr. Cass addressed the Senate on the subject of our Central American affairs. Alluding to the remark of the National Intelligencer, that "the country might be justified in the dissolution of the Union which would destroy the vitality of the Republic," he said he had no belief in believe it. [illegible] the idea of Secession, which would destroy the vitality of the Union.

[illegible] language denunciatory of the [illegible] by the British Government relative to the [illegible] Senate in Central America, characterizing [illegible] of setting up a King over the [illegible]

[illegible] the question of Mr. Borland, [illegible] Senator from Arkansas, [illegible] the question of the Senator from Virginia, [illegible] Mr. Mason, relative to the treaty [illegible] Mr. Cass replied that there might still be no [illegible] adjustment of the controversy between [illegible] and hoped